

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Of One Who is Deaf.

As one apart in mellow shade,  
With smiling sadness she doth dwell,  
No sounds or harsh or sweet invade  
Her ear's univibrant shell.

Yet she, on lips that Love hath taught,  
Can read the pantomimic word;  
With sphery search that fathoms thought,  
It seems her eyes have heard!

So do the stars to lonely men,  
Who cross some vast and open wild,  
Deepen with all-discerning ken,  
Unswerving, just, yet mild.

Although to them arrives no sound  
Of all that fills our lower night,  
They probe the human hearts profound  
With silent shafts of light.

Oh! who beneath night's searching skies  
But feels his loneliest being know,  
Or who that meets her star-pure eyes  
But his unworth must own?

—Edith M. Thomas, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

## A Visit to William Henry Bishop's House.

AN ATHLETIC ROMANCER AND HIS WORKS, HIS HONEYMOON AND HOME—QUEEN SHEBA AND HER REALM—A NOVELIST REALIZES HIS DREAMS.

(Correspondence of the *San Francisco Post*.)

Of the three American realistic novelists, among whom he ranks, Mr. William Henry Bishop, by reason of his being the first to celebrate in prose, as Bret Harte has done in verse, the peculiarities of our Mongolian brother, as well as by his description of the Pacific slope in his work on Mexico, is more favorably known to Occidental readers than either Mr. Howells or Mr. James. For that reason readers of the *Post* may like to learn something concerning the personality, the literary habits and the domestic life of the author of "Choy Susan, and Other Tales."

Mr. Bishop is in the prime of middle age, above average height, muscular and athletic, and with the exception of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the best pedestrian and long-distance swimmer in the fraternity of letters. His eyes, of a grayish blue, deep sunk beneath granitic brows, relieve by gleams of kindness and humor a countenance of somewhat Roman austerity of type, of which massive-ness rather than sensibility is the striking trait. Until his marriage, a year ago, Mr. Bishop was something of a pet, as well as a notability in fashionable New York society, whose foibles he has not unkindly portrayed in "The house of a Merchant Prince." His earliest story, "Detmold," and his latest, "A Golden Justice," abound in portraits taken from the social and political life of Milwaukee, where he was for a number of years associated in a daily newspaper enterprise with one of the present staff of the *New York Herald*.

The indomitable character of Mr. Bishop is shown by the fact that he was almost the only member of his guild to maintain himself for a number of years entirely by the higher order of literary work, without dependence on journalism, or any kindred avocation, for a "grub stake." At present Mr. Bishop, who has been the most prominently named for the still empty chair of English literature at Yale, his alma mater, is conductor of the high class in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a position held by President Barnard of Columbia for a number of years, when the institution occupied the present site of the university. "Jerry and Clarinda," a story from the pen of Mr. Bishop in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, gives an amusing exhibition of the dialects, idioms and mental processes and limitations of deaf mutes.

A year ago last July, Mr. Bishop married Miss Dearborn Jackson (better known to her intimates by the quaintly pretty name of "Sheba," the daughter of Dr. George F. Jackson, the oldest practitioner of Washington heights, family physician of the elder James Gordon Bennett, and a graduate of Bowdoin College of some thirty years' standing. The honeymoon of this pair of romancers was passed in "Canvas Palace," a luxuriously appointed tent on the bluffs of the Atlantic Highlands while their society friends were imagining them wandering through the Hall of the Abencerrages, and the Court of Lyons, in the Spanish ruins of the Alhambra. So successful was this experiment that it was repeated during the last summer, until they went to housekeeping in good earnest, in a cosy, modest flat on the highest point of Manhattan island, overlooking the valley of the Harlem river and Long Island sound on the one side, and the noble expanse of the Hudson and the famous Palisades on the other. Their

windows also open on picturesque views of the aristocratic cemetery of Trinity church, which is inclosed by the most stately and ponderous specimen of mural architecture in the country, excepting possibly that surrounding the Mark Hopkins mansion in San Francisco. It was here that these determined fugitives from public observation were discovered and captured by your no less determined correspondent.

Imagine, if you please, and can, a series of apartments constituting about the length and narrowness of a not too ultrafashionable steam yacht, or better yet, of a presidential Pullman car. Each of these, warmed to the eye by rich Oriental rugs and other fabrics, or cooled by aerial, gauzy and silvery hangings, is a gem in itself, harmoniously related to all the rest.

Among the details I inventoried a warm-hearted fireplace, a pair of arm-chairs from the old Knapp mansion, which is still grimly sentineling the Hudson on a granite pinnacle hard by, a Chipendale case that was the masterpiece of a cabinetmaker who subsequently became one of the commercial and journalistic magnates of the metropolis, and next to it a primitive deal table at which our author hammers out his plots and finishes off his characters hot from the forges of his fancy. Over this hangs a portrait of Mr. Howells, and near it a picture of a storm at sea and hard by a Mexican machete, the agricultural implement of all Spanish-American countries, that suggests the line from Thackeray's "Cane Bottomed Chair." "This a murderous thing to toast muffs upon." Throughout the room bits of royal Worcester ware and Cyprian and Arizona antiquities and souvenirs of Castilian days generously fraternize with coarse Flemish jugs that are savory of college freshman days. The staple chair of the establishment is the commonest deal kitchen chair, transformed by the knife and brush of the proprietor into a thing of beauty and a joy until you are tempted to commit yourself to the more inviting easy chairs or the hospitably swinging hammock.

Mr. Bishop, as his and the *Post's* readers know, is an artist as well as author, and, like Thackeray, occasionally illuminates his own books. He is also by profession an architect, having studied and practised with Meade, Sturgis, P. B. Wight and Mullett, the author of various government architectural wonders under a former administration. The traces of this side of his training are seen in the predominance of architectural bits among the subjects on his walls, the most notable being a large photograph of the facade of San Xavier del Bac, an old Spanish church in Arizona, taken as its owner was careful to inform me, by Watkins. Among the many choice etchings which adorn this harmonious little temple of the Muses and Graces are autographs by E. S. Church, Henry Farrer, the original of Kelly's "Postboy," one of the most striking pictures in the prehistoric *Scribner's Magazine*. Although Mr. Bishop, like Mr. John Habberton, Mr. George Inness, Jr., and several thousand more otherwise reputable citizens, has fallen into the fad of amateur photography, he has exhibited the unexampled selfrestraint of not systematically thrusting the results of his experiments upon the attention of his friends. The one righteous exception is where he gives a picture of his queenly and beautiful young wife, after the pose of David's famous Salon portrait of Madame Recamier, a glimpse of which by a happy juxtaposition appears in the background of this unique composition.

Long before I had completed this little inventory I was summoned "aft" by my gracious "Queen Sheba" to partake of "one little dinner," all the product of her own hands. On the way I espied a gilded hickory nut hanging from a soft wool thread, which the young housekeeper merrily informed me she kept "to study the cook books by." I must refer you for further information about "One Little Dinner" to Mr. Bishop's story by that name in the forthcoming number of the *Century Magazine*.

PALMETTO

When first engaged she used to write  
On monogram paper of ore my white.  
But since we're married, it's rather hard.  
She says all she needs on a postal card.  
—Harper's Bazar.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Dec. 25.—Cleveland, O., A.M., and P.M.

## FANWOOD.

### A Birthday Present to Dr. Peet.

#### AND THE PRESENTATION.

##### PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT—OTHER ITEMS.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

On Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, the pupils were summoned from the shops and class rooms to the chapel which has been the scene of so many and various assemblages, grave and gay, in times past. The occasion which called them together this time was a very pleasant one. They were to make the presentation to our esteemed Principal, of the beautiful cane which has been in the engraver's hands for some time past. It was meant for a birthday gift from the pupils and teachers, and was ordered from a design suggested by Prof. E. H. Carrier but could not be finished in time for Dr. Peet's birthday, which occurred on the 4th of December. When Dr. Peet, accompanied by Prof. Carrier, entered the chapel, he was completely taken by surprise, not knowing for what the pupils were assembled at this unusual time. He was greeted with hearty applause and escorted to the platform by Prof. Carrier. Immediately afterwards Prof. Fox led up Miss May Martin, one of the High Class girls, who carried the cane and made the presentation in the following very graceful and appropriate address of her own composition which she delivered in signs, Prof. Carrier translating *viva voce* for the hearing portion of the assembly.

OUR BELOVED PRINCIPAL:—When the cycle of time brought us to your natal day, we were surprised and pleased alike to find you, but the well-worn saying "Man proposes, God disposes," proved itself as true then as ever, and you were not among us, neither was our "Surprise" completed. But to-day, all is favorable and we are gathered here to present to you a little token of love and gratitude that shall help you through declining years and along the rugged pathway of life to feel that you have not been working in vain among us all these years. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to Him who is the giver of all good that he has spared you to us thus long, and we earnestly pray that the span of your usefulness may extend over many years yet to come. And when the inevitable summons comes to you (as it must to all men) may you be "unfettered and scathed with an unfaltering trust," and depart "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams" which shall be broken only by the grand reality of that glorious home of the soul where the cares of earth fade away and all is happiness and peace. With gratitude and affection unmeasurable, we remain,

THE PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF FANWOOD.

A brief description of the cane is not out of place here. The staff is of very durable French crab, "quite the latest thing," and is surmounted by a solid sterling silver handle handsomely embossed. A leaf or space of plain silver contains the inscription, "Dr. L. L. Peet, December 4, 1887." Upon a pile of books is an ancient lamp bearing the words, "knowledge is power," and representing Literature or the midnight vigils of the scholars. Scrolls, books, a pen and inkstand and laurel leaves are gracefully distributed over the rest of the handle, and a wise looking owl sits below Dr. Peet's name on the outside to denote that he is one of Minerva's favorites, while the lamp sheds its effulgent rays over all, representing the dissemination of the knowledge acquired by the student and thinker. A garland of oak leaves is around the base of the handle, and altogether the cane is handsome as well as substantial. Dr. Peet seemed very much surprised and pleased, and, gracefully thanked the givers, saying that the affection of his pupils, which the gift bespoke, greatly added to its value. Mr. Fox, who was the first to suggest that a cane be selected, and who was very active in collecting the wherewithal to obtain it, followed Dr. Peet on the platform and made a short speech, pointing out to the pupils the meaning of the symbols which so enriched the cane. He was followed by Prof. Jones, who in his felicitous way gave expression to the pleasure experienced. Then after some more remarks by the Principal, the company dispersed, well pleased with the events of the morning.

##### PANTOMIMIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The boys were jubilant last Saturday. Some were nervous and excited, others were bubbling over with expectations. They were getting ready for their pantomimic entertainment, which was previously announced, and consequently were turning their study room into a theatre.

At seven o'clock all was ready. The

girls were given permission to attend, provided they paid the price of admission, which varied from five up to twenty-five cents. Over fifty of them sat in high-toned chairs; thrice as many boys were on the other side and in the rear; the front seats were reserved for "members of the press" and the teachers and officers.

The curtains finally parted, and disclosed to view a "Scene in a Photograph Gallery." Photographer McVea, in the latest and most original costume imaginable, was ready for business. The Siamese twins came in to sit for their picture, but what relation petticoats had with the character represented, we failed to see, as the famous twins were males. As the actors went through their parts, the audience was seized with fits of laughter.

Then followed the stereotyped tramp act and barroom scenes, and they pictured to the rising youth on the back seats the result of intemperance on a man. Of course there was a good deal of pummeling going on.

Following this came the amputation of an arm. The surgeon was Richard Tweed, and the victim Bernard Gallagher. The instrument used was a saw, and as the surgeon plied the saw with unmerciful vigor, the hands of the girls went up and their eyes bulged out with expressions of horror, but when they discovered it was only a wooden arm, the excitement ceased.

Thus the play went on, and our impressions were that they did not have any rehearsals. The concluding acts were fairly good, notable the juggle and gymnastic feats of Messrs. Thompson and Hackett, which brought forth applause.

The object in giving the entertainment was for the benefit of the "Silent" baseball club, and the net receipts amounted to twenty-two dollars.

##### NOTES.

Mrs. Freeman is the name of the new night nurse.

Miss Bessie Peet has almost recovered from her recent illness.

Our housekeeper, Miss McCready, returned from Pennsylvania last week. Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann celebrated the fourth anniversary of their wedding on the 18th inst.

The Peet Literary Society is still gasping for breath, and intends to hold out a little longer, as it received a sort of stimulant last Friday evening in the form of a story by F. W. Baars. It was entitled "The Broken Merchant." He was followed by the rest of the members, who also told stories.

Mrs. Henry, our dignified and esteemed matron, is a most earnest worker in the cause of Charity. She has and is still doing a large amount of work in connection with the Temperance Society of Washington Heights. Through her influence, a large number of the pupils attended a Fair in its behalf, on Monday evening last. Some of the articles on sale were made by the fair sex.

Well, it is no surprise to us here that Miss Frankie C. Hawkins, of the art department, won the prize for the most original and tasteful costume at the masquerade ball of the Gallaudet Club. Her artistic talent is too well known. But the Institution has just reason to feel proud of the honors which her skilled hands and artistic conception won. And they showed it to no small degree by permitting the various classes to go and offer their compliments where the floral horse-shoe was on exhibition in one of the studios of the art department.

Among the other maskers at the ball were Misses Myra L. Barrager, Georgie Decker and Jennie Williams, all very prettily attired in becoming costumes, and Messrs. Whalen and Harth, in original costumes of their own make.

Miss Prudence Lewis also went in company with Prof. Carrier and his wife, but she returned with the latter before midnight.

AQUILA.

The Scientific American, advertised in another column under the head of "Patents," certainly needs no one to "sing its praises," but, notwithstanding this fact, we feel it an absolute duty to the general public, at least that portion of it which has never seen or heard of the paper, to tell them that such a "one is published" at the low price of \$3 a year, and that its true value cannot be over-estimated. It stands at the head of all publications of its kind. A file of the paper may be seen at this office and subscriptions received.

## ROMANISMS.

We are anxious for the snow to make its appearance again.

Charles Messenger went home Friday to remain until after the holidays. Prof. Seliney conducted service in the chapel Sunday from the fourth chapter of Judges.

Mrs. Holliday spent Sunday in Syracuse with relatives.

Sunday evening Misses Wolfe and Cramer, graduates of the high class of 1885, made their friends and classmates a pleasant visit.

Several of the girls attended the fair at Clark's Memorial hall last Wednesday under the charge of Miss Randall.

Miss Howe disappeared Thursday night for her home in Fulton to remain until January. Miss Bennett was summoned home Wednesday by a telegram announcing that her mother was very ill.

Frank Churchill went home Thursday morning quite suddenly.

Several mysterious movements and absences, especially on the part of Principal Nelson and Prof. Seliney, make up the usual evidence that there is a jolly Christmas coming for us here.

Elia Evans' brother took her home to Turin to attend the funeral of her uncle.

On Saturday evening, some Readings were given to the "Lit" which called out a large attendance. Wm. B. Norton, mounted the platform and in his graceful signs gave a vivid and interesting illustration of the "French Political Situation" and the attempt to assassinate the French statesman, M. Jules Ferry. He succeeded in bringing forth the most interesting parts of the election of M. Sadi Carnot, the new French President, with the usual troubles attending all elections. He went back to the times of Napoleon Bonaparte, when he swayed his power over most of the nations. He also commented on the revolution, which the French has had every seventeen years. At the conclusion, he was loudly applauded. John Thomas was next called and chose for his subject, "My trip to Berlin." His narrative was an account of the most pleasant times he had during his vacation. He illustrated the comical times he had with his comrade, Mr. Martin Taylor, with whom he was visiting. He described the town, giving the impressions that it was a peaceful and picturesque little town. If any one has ever had an adventure, John Thomas surely has had one. The most interesting part of his subject, was a cave which he went in, guided by his comrade, the latter, however, not being an experienced one walking down natural stairs, feeling the ground crossing some brooks, squeezing through some cracks in the rocks, that led into larger caverns occupied in the descent in the dark underground for three whole hours. Coming back, the guide was embarrassed (on purpose it is supposed) as to which way led to the open air, and the lecturer tried to make the audience feel the fear which he had never felt before. They got out at last. He then changed his subject to the Capitol at Albany, which he and his comrade visited, and he also spoke about the Firemen's Convention held at Troy, where he visited with Clarence Boxley and his comrade, and both of them were lost to him in the passing crowd. He was warmly applauded.

Roger McGrath next took his place on the stage, and gave a description of his unlucky trip to Trenton Falls. Which he would have enjoyed more if it had been pleasant, as the rain came to give him such a bath as he can never forget. He gave descriptions of the situation of the Falls, so one could almost imagine that he could feel the roar as it leaped over the crazy rocks.

Fred Keller was next called upon the platform, taking for his subject description of an absent-minded man. How he milked in a basket without finding it out till all the milk had disappeared; and went a swimming one day and forgot to dress; burnt his new coat up with a pile of dead leaves, deeming it on that occasion no better than the latter. He then related the supposition of a negro that snow was flour. While she was passing through the north one cold December day, the principal part of the joke was that she filled her trunk with it and took it south, to be disappointed in the end. The anxiety of a man to have nobody take away his coat, while on a fence, which prompted him to pin on the following "Small pox, Hands off," came next, and was

followed by a few more jokes. He was loudly applauded.

Henry Gardiner, next took possession of the stage and gave out some of the recent news, and went to work to relate of the earthquake which destroyed Charleston, N. C., and the canal that is built across the Isthmus of Suez, and the proposed railroad which is to be built from Rome to Carthage, and another from Oneida to Watertown; the Indian hostilities existing the Wild West; the introduction of a paper made of spider webs in the east.

Mr. Nelson, who had silently come in, became one of the audience and witnessed the "Readings," mounted the platform and laughingly announced his intention of becoming a critic. He made a few remarks in regard to the improvement existing among the pupils, and expressed his delight at the success of the "Lit." Then he began to criticize. After congratulating them upon their success, he stepped down amid showers of applause.

The mother of Miss Lockwood, our sewing Matron, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Benedict, on Sunday.

We have had a rush of visitors this week most of them young men, evidently college graduates.

MAY.

## BROOKLYN.

We recently saw a copy of "The Internarrative of the Deaf," by Mr. Arms, of Philadelphia, and think it hits Prof. Bell pretty hard. But for all that, we don't think Mr. Arms should have said some things printed in the book.

The other day, while in the jewelry store of Mr. James F. Kelly, Broadway, near Bedford Avenue, he asked us: "Do you know Father La Bella?" We replied in the negative, and he sought to enlighten us more by the following explanation: "He has charge of the New York mutes." "You mean Father Belanger?" we asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Kelly, "I spelled his name wrong. He and I were schoolmates at Montreal about forty years ago. He used to have charge of an Institute for mutes at Mile End, or some other place in Canada. We were good friends, and I would like to see him again."

Being unable to give much information, except the probable address of Father Belanger, he said he might visit that gentleman shortly.

From a mute who lives in Brooklyn now, and who was educated in Canada, we learn that he (the mute) thinks the New York mutes have secured a jewel of the first water set in eighteen karat of the pure gold of experience and kindness.

Mr. W. A. Bond is slowly recovering from a severe attack of sickness complicated with malarial fever.

In the book "She," now extensively read and dramatized, a lot of mute servants figure prominently in Kor, the home of "She-who-must-be-obeyed." If our mute friends wish a flesh creeping novel, we would advise them to try "She."

The Gallaudet Club ball was a lovely and enjoyable affair, but even the most sanguine of the club members was disappointed as to numbers. It was a success socially and financially as we have been told, and void of any disagreeable occurrence. The Souvenir Journal and dance orders were things of beauty, and the ball got its full share of flattering reports from the daily press the next day. Not one half of those present appeared in costume, and the choice of Miss Frankie Hawkins by the Committee, as having the most original costume no one finds fault with, but they ought to have offered one also for the most beautiful, and it goes without saying Brooklyn would have carried off the honor. Anyhow, we are glad Miss Hawkins got the prize, as she was once a resident of our city and it may be that she imbued the idea which she so happily displayed last Wednesday while residing here.

For fear "Montague Tigg" may forget to mention them, we take the liberty to state that these Brooklyn mutes were there and by the way enjoyed themselves, too. Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Miss Wollman, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss F. Fendick, (one of the most charming young ladies we ever saw talking to Uncle Jim O'Neil.) Mr. John Locke, Mrs. and Miss Lockas, Miss Katie Shute, Miss E. V. Reed, the Misses Taylor, Miss Hannah Henry, Mrs. Keitt, Mr. G. L. Reynolds, Mr. T. Godfrey, Mr. E. Souweine, and others.

The Snow King has at last come. As we write this, he is riding earthward on big snow white steeds, covering everything in a mantle of white, but, Oh! what misery and cold will come when Old Sol goes in and "knocks him out."

NELLIE.

## St. Paul, Minn.

Ives is now at his desk, writing items for the JOURNAL.

Mr. John Dahl, of La Crosse, Wis., is in this city, visiting Mr. Klagge this month. He was a welcome visitor at our regular meeting last Sunday.

Ben Baird, of Minneapolis, was seen peddling by rail to Stillwater, where he expects to stop about three weeks.

We heard a voice from the Institution at Fairbault, Minn., that said: Supt. Noyes is making a great preparation for Christmas, and the children are eager for candies. Who will be Santa Claus there?

Mr. Fred Brant is picking types for Brown, Tracy & Co., and has steady work. The firm expects him to be a first class type in the near future. Glad to hear of it.

Joseph J. Kegan, of Minneapolis, and Thomas Godfrey, were callers in this city last Sunday. The latter has been in this country since he came from England about three years ago, though he has not learned our sign language. He likes his English ways.

We found Mr. and Mrs. Fitch in Wiggins & Sackett's museum every day, running the battery and shooting gallery. They have a daughter who is a deaf-mute, and was educated at the Ohio Institution, and afterwards at the Illinois Institution. She is skilled in shooting as reported. Who can beat her?

John Howlett, a colored mute and formerly a pupil of Iowa, was seen again in this Metropolis and made his re-appearance at our meeting last Sunday. He disappeared last summer and afterwards we found him in Chicago and St. Louis. He thinks that St. Paul is a pretty good place for him to stay. He is a good bicyclist and will challenge any mute bicyclist to run one hundred miles in seven hours.

James Austin gave the society a long lecture in the Gospel Temperance Union on the 11th inst.; his subject was Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. We were deeply interested in his delivery. Austin was educated at Hartford, Ct., about twenty-eight years after the school was founded by Gallaudet. He pointed out about the life of our great benefactor, and said that it would take two or three hours to tell what he knew, but he made this outline. A few speeches were made.

The writer has received news from Superintendent Higgins, the of Poor, to-day, who said that there was a mute, who was unable to support himself.

Higgins received letters from a lady, who takes care of the boarders, and she could not afford to keep him, as he has nothing to do for himself. He is a tailor by trade, and cannot write. He requested the writer to go and find out. We have not learned his name. There is one mute more who prowls around and is dependent on everybody.

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Where'er is spoken a noble thought;  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise."

"Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low."

## Mary Anderson's Mascot a Pearl.

"If I had Mary Anderson's pearl I would ask fate for nothing more."

The lady who spoke was delighting the eyes of two or three acquaintances with the contents of a number of jewel cases by no means empty.

"It is a mascot with Miss Anderson," she went on, "and you cannot wonder, for though not one of the largest it is one of the most perfectly shaped and most beautiful pearls in the world. A pearl is just the jewel for her, white, bold and fair, and she never lets this one leave her person. I have turned my opera glass on her twenty times when she was on the stage and never failed to discover that pearl somewhere in her toilet. She wears it in her hair, on her throat, her finger, catching up the draperies of her gown. She says it means peace and rest to her, and she could not act if she did not touch it before she stepped in front of the footlights and did not have it where her eye could fall upon it in her trying parts."

—Washington Star.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 22, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50 Clubs of ten, 1.25 If not paid within six months, 2.50 Terms, cash in advance.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

In a recent issue, our Columbus correspondent gave an extract of the forthcoming Annual Report of Supt. Pratt, of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf. Any one who has followed the JOURNAL lately, can not help coming to the conclusion that the extract is intended to be a defense of the position which Mr. Pratt assumed, and a denial of the charges made against him, of being unduly prejudiced against the deaf and having an undue leaning towards employing hearing persons in the Institution. To the uninitiated, the defense which Mr. Pratt makes reads well and seems convincing, but when the facts in our possession (we get no credit for what we suppress) are carefully compared with his composition, the whole matter will take on a different aspect.

For instance, he says "fifty-four deaf persons have been employed upon the premises during the year." In that number, he includes the twenty-five employed in the State Bindery, with which he has nothing whatever to do. He can neither employ nor discharge an employee of the State Bindery, any more than he can an employee of a factory one hundred miles from the Ohio Institution. Persons not knowing this, are led to believe, from what he says, that it is under his control, and to further strengthen the belief and create the impression that he is a much-abused person, he says, "eleven of these (25) have been pupils here during the four years that I have been connected with the Institution." One would infer that he wishes the public to understand that these deaf-mutes owe their situations to him.

The fact is, he had nothing to do with them, and knew nothing about them until after they had secured their positions, and he discovered their existence through an ostensible desire to make capital out of the bindery employees. He has ejected every deaf-mute he could find from the carpenter shop, bakery, printing office, and shoe shop, which are under his control, until there is not a single one left in any of them, and now he goes into the only shop "on the premises" that he can not control, and coolly contrives to claim credit for employing twenty-five deaf-mutes there.

The credit for employing these deaf-mutes, if there is any, belongs to Captain Lilley, Superintendent of the Bindery, who is in no way responsible to Supt. Pratt. He is responsible only to the Supervisor of Public Printing, an officer appointed directly by the Governor.

Shorn of these 25 out of 45, how many are left? Twenty-nine. In order to claim credit for these twenty-nine, Mr. Pratt has counted all the deaf-mutes whom he has discharged during the year, five pupils employed only during vacation, all who left of their own accord, and one who was employed for one week—to such desperate straits is he reduced in posing as the friend and benefactor of the deaf. In doing so, he adds insult to injury; for, after turning some of them out, he counts them in his report. He is surely quite an expert juggler of figures. He could, with as much reason, claim to employ 365 "deaf persons on the premises during the year," and never have more than one at a time in his employ.

Mr. Pratt says: "The question as to whether deaf-mutes shall be employed in our work was settled long ago. The question now is, in what proportion should deaf persons be employed in the Institution?"

When he took charge of the Institu-

tion, he found that, out of 85 or more officers and employees, 26 were deaf; now, there are only 17. There were then 13 deaf teachers; now, there are 9. Is this his answer to the question? and, does he still think that it is too many? It is strange that it has never occurred to him to question the number of hearing persons to be employed. It is well-known that the Buckeye State is full of bright, intelligent, deaf persons, the equal of any hearing person, and better than most, for many positions in the Institution—and he insults them by his question of "proportion."

In the State Bindery, which is out of Mr. Pratt's jurisdiction, out of 35 employees, 25 are deaf—or, a fraction over two deaf to each hearing person; while, in the Institution, the number of deaf employees has steadily decreased under his management, until there are over five hearing employees to each deaf one.

If Mr. Pratt could get control of the State Bindery, in order to carry out his idea of the proper proportion the deaf should hold to the hearing, he would at once discharge twenty of the deaf employees and appoint hearing persons in their places. What does he care whether the deaf are as good or better workmen than the hearing or not? He must place them all on the Procrustean bed of "proportion," as he has been doing all along in the Institution; and yet he has the effrontery to pose in a public document as a benefactor of the deaf.

If, as he has asserted, the question of "personal worth and fitness" dominated in the selections of Supt. Pratt, and played an equal part in the discharges and rejections, we would gladly applaud the wisdom which sustained such a principle; but the theory of "proportion" is inconsistent with the above declaration of principle, as in order to conform to it, both "personal worth and fitness" would be destined to play an insignificant part. If Mr. Pratt really wants to be a friend of the deaf, his future actions will be tempered with more consideration than he has shown in the past. "Proportion" will be discarded, and "personal worth and fitness, as well as intellectual capacity," will be the standard from which appointments are made. Sophistry may cover up a few deficiencies, and serve as an explanation for an occasional questionable procedure, but, in the end, "actions will speak louder than words." "By their fruit shall ye know them."

It seems hardly worth while to take any notice of the vulgar squib that appeared in last issue of the Hoosier paper. It was written, we believe, by a professional politician, who cares more for the emoluments of his position at the Indiana Institution than for the interests of the deaf-mute children who are gathered there to be trained and educated. It is a poor example to these children for any one in authority over them to deride fair and candid reasoning. The reply of "Oh, Rats!" to a just criticism, has been so neatly handled by the Missouri Record that we forbear from adding to the mental agony which such a severe rebuke must cause even a dishonorable opponent. As to the "red rag in our financial horizon," we think it scarcely necessary to remark that the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of New York, has lived and thrived and extended its circulation in every State in the Union, notwithstanding the fact that at the same time really worthy deaf-mute publications have existed and been successful in a great many of these States. The welfare of the deaf-mutes does not center in any political heater of the Hoosier State, and their inspiration will never be drawn from the dictates and directions of the transient powers of the Indiana Institution.

We return thanks for a copy of the "Phi Sigma," a handsome, twenty-page monthly, published by students of the Collegiate Institute of York, Pa.

**BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.** The following lectures will take place at the room of the Brooklyn Society, No. 198 Grand Street (Tuttle Hall) Brooklyn, N. Y., on the dates given, by the gentlemen whose names are given. The admission is ten cents on each occasion.

Jan. 25, 1888—Lecture by T. Godfrey. Debates, story telling and transaction of business by members only once each week alternate. The society pays each lecturer, and it believes in "business for business."

W. A. BOND, Chairman, H. STENOBLE, C. SCHNEIDER, Committee on Debates and Lectures.

**Notice.** The deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity are cordially invited to the Holy Communion in Trinity Chapel, next Sunday (Christmas Day), at 11 A.M.

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# ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Rev. Mr. Mann, and family expect to spend Christmas in Cleveland.

Mrs. Deidamia J. Smith, nee West, of Deerfield, Mass., is going away this week, to visit a friend.

Willie A. Wise, of Greenfield, Mass., is a semi-mute. He often visits his uncle Eugene Trask.

Dennis J. O'Connell, of Alleyton, Mich., claims to be the champion deaf-mute marksmen of the world. What does Captain Kohlmetz say?

Until January last, the address of Miss Lucy Sweet will be 167 East 118th Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues.

Mr. Julius Hanneman, of New York, and Miss Anna Marks, of Buffalo, are to be married in Metropolitan Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 28th of December.

Rufus Lewis died in West Hartford, Conn., aged eighty-three, last month. He was master of the cabinet shop of the Hartford School for many years, but left.

Eugene Trask, of Deerfield, Mass., intended to go to Boston on the 9th of this month, but his foot was accidentally cut by an axe while chopping wood a few days previous. His foot is better now.

William H. Sprague, a graduate of the New York Institution in 1866, is living in Eldred, N. Y. His eyesight has been almost destroyed by catarrh. He would like to get H. P. Peet's Book, Part I.

Capt. Iriss, of Brussels, Belgium, who has been deaf for fifteen years, accompanied an aeronaut in a balloon ascension a few weeks ago, and when he reached the earth, found that he had been entirely cured.

The mother of Michael J. Chapman, of Auburn N. Y., died on the 7th of December. She was a kind and loving mother and affectionate wife. She was sick about four months with a cancer, and God has called her to his heavenly home above.

Colonel Henry Kennedy was quietly married to Mrs. R. A. Cady, at the home of the bride's parents, Warehouse Point, Connecticut, on the 3d of this month. He was the former steward, and she was formerly second matron of the Hartford School.

Herbert L. Grigsby, who for several months was manager of the Lost Springs (Kan.) Journal, has been compelled to give up his position, as the paper has changed hands. His old employer, Mr. Bert Dunlap, gives Mr. Grigsby an excellent recommendation for faithfulness and efficiency.

Asa W. Allen denies the report that he is in straightened circumstances. He is quite prosperous, and only last week received a car load of leathers and rubbers from Providence, R. I. Correspondents who send false reports to this office will be held responsible and punished in the courts of law. We have no room for slanderous rumors.

On Sunday afternoon, the 11th inst., Rev. Job Turner held a service in St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., which was attended by about fifteen deaf-mutes among whom were Miss Mattie Slate of Oxford, Miss., and Miss Mary L. Swen, of Amelia, Ohio. He learned that Mr. Lawrence was still teaching his school in that city. Mr. Marcy, who always attends the silent church regularly, had just returned home with his wife from the North.

On Saturday evening last the young ladies of the Illinois Fema College were favored with an exhibition of bicycle riding and Indian club swinging, in the chapel, by Profs. Stout and Cloud, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. The riding of Mr. Stout was wonderful. His feats surpassed anything of the kind the writer ever saw. The constant waving of handkerchiefs and the exclamations of surprise and wonder evinced the appreciation of the young ladies. After one hour's riding by Mr. Stout, Prof. Cloud, teacher in the deaf and dumb institution, gave the most graceful exhibition of club swinging ever seen by any present. It was not juggling, but regular movements and combinations. This exhibition is one that would interest and please any school.—*Illinois Courier, Dec. 12.*

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walz have returned home from an extended wedding trip to the east, and had a most enjoyable time in all the great cities, especially Washington, D. C. It is full of places of general interest, amusement, wonder, etc., all of these of which combine to convey a harmonious impression. It is a matter of surprise to learn from them that the most interesting place in Washington City is the National Deaf-Mute College,—the only college of the kind in the world,—which cost the United States one million dollars, and from which Prof. Charles Kerney, the Principal of the Evansville Deaf-Mute School, graduated with a diploma signed by President Grover Cleveland, the patron of the college. The students there are given a course of studies of instruction which is equivalent to that afforded in the best American colleges, with the exception of Greek, more attention being given to French and German languages. Mr. and Mrs. Walz will not easily forget Prof. and Mrs. Amos G. Draper, of the College Faculty, the most agreeable entertainers they have met in the East.—*Evansville, Ind., Tribune, Dec. 14, 1887.*

**A Severe Rebuke.**

"The New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL gives a very doubtful welcome to its namesake the 'Indiana Deaf-Mute Journal,' which made its debut Nov. 23.

"However its (the N. Y. J.'s) charges against the Indiana Deaf-Mute Journal of printing articles from the other deaf-mute papers without giving credit therefor, is just. We noticed this in its first issue but laid it to the Indiana Journal's ignorance of newspaper etiquette, but, its continuing to do so, after the error has been pointed out, is inexcusable. Its very plagiarism is a tacit acknowledgment that it is striving to build up its reputation on the work of others by passing them off as emanations of its own genius, its 'Oh Rats!' to the contrary notwithstanding. It will be noticed that in its editorial of Dec. 12, the Indiana Journal does not deny any of these charges, but says 'Oh Rats!' to them. On the whole, things look very suspicious on the part of the said Indiana D. M. Journal."—*Miscellaneous Record.*

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Beautiful Snow.

EXAMINATIONS AT HAND.

## JOTTINGS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The long looked for and long delayed snow has come at last, and December looks like December. Saturday morning dawned bright and pleasant and everything pointed towards another of those balmy spring-like days, which for the past two weeks have been such a source of perplexity to the weather-wise oldest inhabitant, compelling him to put his memory, and his vivacity, too, perhaps, to a severe strain in order to find a parallel. But just after dinner a few random flakes of snow began to fall, and gradually the amount increased until at four o'clock, the air was full of flying snow, and the ground covered the depth of three inches. Sunday morning, every one who owned a sleigh had it out, and Pennsylvania Avenue presented a pretty sight as the fine trains sped along. Every one is glad the snow has come, for Christmas without snow would hardly seem Christmas at all.

The snow fall has been a minor distraction, which has for a moment drawn the thoughts of the students away from the more serious consideration of the approach of examinations. Every one has heard or knows by experience of the extreme horror and aversion which the average student is supposed to entertain for examinations. This horror is handed down from generation to generation of college students, and a man who should profess to regard examinations with indifference would be esteemed guilty of a serious breach of college etiquette. Accordingly, every student, whether he has any reason to do so or not, shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head when examinations are mentioned by an outsider, in order to be "in good form."

Really there is no reason why a good student should fear examination, for in no college in the country are the examinations fairer, and the conditions imposed therein more reasonable than in this. But every student who studies for learning's sake feels that he should receive some recognition for his fidelity to his studies and in our college there is no other method of demonstrating one's scholarship than by leading one's class or pressing closely on the heels of the leader. Hence, when examinations approach the leader becomes a little nervous lest, by overlooking some slight point he should forfeit his leadership, while the second man fears to trip on some point and lose an opportunity to gain the lead or else forfeit his place to some man immediately below him.

The motive that impels a man to strive after the leadership of his class may not be a very high one, but it is a strong incentive to hard work in the line of study, which the faculty has marked out, as being most beneficial to the general student, and when a man becomes entirely indifferent to what standing he attains his class, as long as he can maintain his connection with it, he is pretty sure not to amount to much either here or in the world. Moreover, the motive of the man who works for honors is not actually any baser than that of the man who disclaims any desire to cut a figure in college, and says that he has come to college to do himself good, and that he does not care what other people do, nor will he take any interest in their aspirations, but will devote his attention entirely to his own precious self. We uphold neither motive, but simply assert that one is no worse than the other. However, the latter has the advantage of the former in that he can be supremely indifferent as to the result of his examinations, as long as he has, or in the plenitude of his wisdom thinks he has reason to feel satisfied with his own performance. And before leaving the subject of scholarship, we wish to say that there is a certain school paper which, in nearly every issue, contains some covert sneer at the college and its students. Without discussing the question whether these sneers are deserved or not, we wish to say that when that particular school sends us a congenial deaf-mute possessing an average common school education (which, by the way, that school has never done), and we fail to make him twice the man he was when he left school, to sneer and not before. And when our college is able to make a man doubly a man, and increase his intellectual capacity twofold, we think it is doing all that a college is required to do and offering a sufficient justification for its existence.

Examinations begin next Wednesday, and will be over by the time that this letter is in the hands of our readers. Reviewing has been the order of the day, for the past week, and every one has had his hands full. The Juniors and Seniors, however, will have no formal review in French, this term. The results of the examination will be announced on Saturday morning, and the Christmas vacation will then begin. Those who are so fortunate as to live near enough, or to have shokels enough, will go home, and those who will remain will set their wits to work to devise some method of making the dullness of vacation endurable.

The Committee, which the students, forcing this dullness of the Christmas holidays, have selected to arrange some entertainment for that time, is hard at work making the necessary arrangements. The entertainment will consist of a shadow pantomime, and will take place on Friday evening, December 30th, 1887. The Committee is doing all in its power to make the occasion a successful one, and seeing that it accepted the responsibility and heavy labor of arranging the entertainment with reluctance, and because no one else seemed willing to do so, its would-be critics might well spare their criticisms, and give the committee what assistance they can.

Last Monday afternoon, Professor Chickering took the junior class in astronomy to the Naval Observatory, where they were very kindly shown the magnificent astronomical instruments by Professor Eastman. The great twenty-six-inch equatorial was an object of especial interest, and every one wondered at the ease with which the immense steel tube, weighing over seven tons could be moved by a touch. Prof. Hall, the renowned discoverer of the moons of Mars, explained the various parts of the instrument, and was so pleased with the intelligent interest which the students manifested that he invited them to visit the observatory in February, when observations of Uranus were to be made, and when he would be glad to permit them to examine the planet through the great telescope. The invitation was fully appreciated, and quite a number of the class will take advantage of it. It is no mean honor to be permitted to look at one of the most far away planets of our solar system through one of the great telescopes of the world, and the honor is doubled when conferred by Professor Hall.

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## NEW YORK

### The Callaudet Mask

### THREE HUNDRED JOLLY MASKERS.

### Some 500 Present.

### A SPLENDID TIME, AND HOW THEY KILLED TIME.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The masquerade ball of the Gallaudet Club is now one of the events of the past, but there is little reason to doubt that all who participated, from the able chairman of arrangements and his assistants down to the on-looker who dropped in merely out of curiosity, would not be willing to go to double the expense and trouble to have it occur over again, and within a week at that.

To sum up, there were at least, including spectators, 500 ladies and gentlemen who passed the elegant guard of Treasurer Thomas and the Reception Committee at the entrance to Adelphi Hall, and having divested themselves of their wraps, made way in most cases for the dressing rooms, returning to the scene of festivities as unrecognizable as the man in the moon.

Truly it was a remarkable and interesting sight. Some 300 people attired in all sorts of fantastic costumes. Here and there among them a brother and sister perhaps, here and there two hearts that beat with a single thought: "I wonder if that is Cholly?" or "That must be Clarinda." Then again here and there were others wondering who that horrid looking personage could be; who that beauty in peasant dress would turn out to be; what put it into the head of that young man wearing an Uncle Josh costume, to choose as his partner a girl of the period, and, and—but it would take a whole page of the JOURNAL to keep on giving an idea of what the thoughts of the maskers must have been.

And they came to honor, and the event was given in honor of, the Father of Deaf Mute Education in America. Did they do him honor, or that before them been successful? The sparkling eyes, the beaming countenances, the manly bearing, the bright sallies of wit, and the ball itself spoke in the affirmative. Nowhere else need a person go to decide the standing of a class of people, educationally, socially and otherwise, than to an event like this. The manners, the bearing, the signs of affluence, all spoke for themselves. His efforts had been successful.

Promptly at 9:30 the grand march, led by President Hodgson, in full dress, as were attired the majority of the members of the Club, was begun. Presidential duties, and the cares of editorial work were for the time forgotten. The brightness of his eye showed Mr. Hodgson could appreciate a little enjoyment of this kind as well as the regular society swell. His escort was Mrs. E. H. Currier.

Following came—right here, we will say we don't know who, as he, and the rest that followed in his wake, were as unknown to us as the King of Siam or the Queen of the Cannibal Isles.

The march, however, was ably conducted by Floor Manager Enoch H. Currier, who throughout the whole evening was most assiduous in his attention to seeing that everybody enjoyed themselves.

Before intermission, by special request, a representation of the press was asked to act as judges, in deciding which young lady wore the most original costume.

The victim—or rather the lucky one to attract the attention of this lynx-eyed knight of the pen, was Miss Frankie C. Hawkins. Her costume represented a "Newspaper Exchange." The bottom of the skirt was of blue material, around which was attached headings of some seventy-five newspapers. Down the side hung a silken cord to which was attached a printer's stick, and encircling her wrists were brackets composed of some sixty different types from as small size as Diamond to as large as Great Primer. She took the prize, a beautiful horseshoe of flowers about three feet in height. And a strange coincidence was that President Hodgson, of the Club, in presenting the prize, was a newspaper man himself.

The efforts of the Chairman of Arrangements, Mr. T. F. Fox, and the rest of his committee, to have everything run smoothly could not have been done better, while the duties performed by the Reception Committee was gallantry itself. As to the Floor Committee, it was not necessary for them to do much, as the guests kept going through the dances without further persuasion than the query, "Will you dance?"

Supper was partaken of at about midnight, and very few there were that could find fault with it, unless perhaps those of dyspeptic proclivities. The small price charged, and the excellence of the bill of fare, harmonized perfectly with the price of admission, a credit to the judgment of the committee.

Between dances, the fun raged fast and decorous. There was nothing, but a constant peals of laughter, mingled with surprise, and sometimes, no doubt, with vexation, as by degrees masks were removed, and the faces of the participants seen.

After business, Treasurer Thomas loomed up, and removing his mask it was seen, he as a "French Dude" had great attractions for Miss Jennie Williams, who as Pocahontas captured hosts of hearts with the unerring bow, she carried.

A Polish Prince proved to be Mr. Lincoln Risley, supervisor at the New York Institution, and the swansdown that bound the light blue satin of his princely apparel, seemed dearer than all the flowers contained in the horseshoe that went to Miss Frankie Hawkins, as newspaper exchange, who accompanied him.

Baby life was once again brought to our mind, as we surveyed pretty Ida Herriett, whose blonde hair corresponded very well with her light pink "Baby" costume. So thought "Poet" LeClerc, who was ever watchful over her against the enemy in a seventy-first Regiment military outfit.

Once in a while, pools went high, and "Jockey" Fossire invested for all he had, but the bright glare of "Electric Light" beaming from Miss Van Varick kept him from plunging too rashly.

The princely whiskers and commanding air of the "Prince of Wales" suited well the form of J. Mendez Duval, who appeared in court costume, and his attentions to the charming "French Soufflette," Myra Baragher, were dignified and graceful.

Genial and of noble blood Jacques Loew, was in full dress, while his wife added to the attractiveness of the occasion by appearing in a neat and very natty "Sailor" costume.

And "Don Juan" had been there, must have envied George S. Porter, who ever and anon showed his gallantry in his attentions to Miss Alice Hatch, masked as a "Pink Domino," and afterwards in a very handsome evening dress.

A "Spanish Prince," one who knew all about the management of balls, was a great sight, as seen in the person of Boss Rigger, from Connecticut. A New York "Old fashioned school girl," Miss Kate Clinton, impressed him. He hardly knew his A, B, C's yet.

Recollections of Revolutionary Days were vividly displayed by Adolph Pfeiffer appearing in a "Continental" costume. His three cornered hat came near assuming four corners, when it got into the hands of that mischievous "school girl," Tilly Herriett.

"Lotta" in short and curling hair, and the very picture of Lotta herself, was Miss Brinck, whose caprices kept our old acquaintance, I. N. Soper, on the *qui vive* all evening.

A mild looking "Mexican" in red satin, regulation rancher's hat, and bespangled with jewelry, was Anthony Capelli. The dagger he carried, played havoc with the "Goddess of Liberty" Miss Henry and Miss Decker, as a "Spanish Lady."

A medium sized man in swallow-tail, white vest, 857 carat diamond, light pants, expansive shirt front, and avoirdupois artificially acquired, turned out to be Johnny Lloyd, Jr., as a very comical "Old Codger, Mrs. Lloyd, Jr., kept her eyes open, but somehow or other, Mr. Lloyd, Jr., danced several times with a "Swiss Girl," Miss Katie Madden, and a boxom little "School Girl," Miss Annie Doyle.

One of the prettiest costumes was worn by Miss Annie Austin, who, as "Electra," electrified many a young man's heart, in a costume of silvery beads, but "Uncle Sam," Mr. Frankheim, appeared to take things coolly, as he went through the lancers with her as an escort.

A brave "Drummer Girl," and a fascinating demeanor was that of Miss Edith Austin, whose charms equalled "Electra," and whose escort was a "Freddie Gohardt" from Brooklyn.

Prof. Fox, between acts, looked dignified in an oxford gown and cap, and Prof. Jones looked fierce, though he beamed smilingly as "Sancho Panza" of Spanish fame. His attentions were attracted to "Dolly Varden," who looked like a flower garden, but was really Miss Rachel McVaine.

"Queen Isabella of Spain" honored the occasion by her presence, and the role was assumed in a dignified manner by Mrs. Austin.

Josie Goldman bespoke his acquaintance with the West by coming in as a full-fledged "Cowboy" from Kalama-zoo, we presume. He accompanied a "Sunflower," Miss Bella Wollman, whose costume was one of the prettiest on the floor, and for fear he might get sick, Miss Hannah Wollman was near at hand, in the costume of a "Medical Student." She looked the picture of medical science.

A lively pair, and very well matched, were two "wenches" impersonated by Misses Stein and Strahle, and the fun they had at the expense of a "Cook," Mr. Heath, and the "Spanish Cavalier," Mr. Whalen, cost the last named, two false decided would be real, but false blonde curls.

A "Bohemian girl," Miss Ida Abraham, modeled the picture of innocence, and Miss H. Sonneborn, as a "Berette," was very attractive.

"Maud Muller" on a summer's day, Baked the meadow sweet with hay, And as she glanced, we had to know, To think her a way will be no short in town.

Thus Miss Lucy Sweet, from Beverly, surprised every one by appearing in that very picturesque costume. The "Goddess of night" Miss

Caddie B. Felver, wore a black satin costume, made dancing length, profusely trimmed with silver and jeweled ornaments, and having a lace sleeves. On her head was a crown of imitation jewels, from which hung a long lace veil dotted with silver stars. Her escort agreeably corresponded with her character, being that of "Hamlet," Mr. J. F. O'Brien.

Another "Spanish girl" was Mrs. Juhring, who played havoc with the thinking powers of President Juhring, of the Brooklyn Society, in his endeavors to tell which of the "Spanish girls" possessed his name.

From Jersey, Miss Ella Bonsfield appeared as the "Evening Star," Miss Annie Housel as the "Morning Star." The funnest fellow on the floor, was, without denial, J. P. Donohue, whose antics as a school boy were exceedingly comical, and were the cause of much mirth to every body he had occasion to dance in the same set with.

From Connecticut and down East, were Miss Dora Vosseller, Mr. Ould, Mr. R. D. Livingstone, Philadelphia, Editor Davidson and Mr. Cullingworth, as also the latter's brother, who resides in New York.

George T. Reynolds was there, and enjoyed it. But those pedal extremities were encased in common-sense pantaloons, and strange to say they did not bag at the knees.

Mr. Schneider, from Staten Island, accompanied Miss Reed, of the same place, while there were hosts of others who live in and around New York.

It was an enjoyable event, one that will not soon be forgotten. The Committee all did their work to the best of their ability, and nothing more can be said but that the Gallaudet Club will think favorably of giving up another dinner and give instead another masquerade.

As to which was the most attractive costume, would be difficult to say. There were so many of them, that we refrain from giving an opinion, fearing the wrath of one if we give the credit to another.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

### ALBANY NOTES.

The accounts in the last issue of the JOURNAL, pertaining to the exercises conducted in Hartford, and some of the institutions of the Union, in respects to the hundredth birthday of the founder of deaf mutes education in the United States, were read with the keenest interest by the residents of this city, and the comments upon them were very acceptable, more especially were they upon the oration delivered by Dr. L. L. Peet, and we agree with the *Boston Globe* in paying him such a compliment, and in our judgment we deem it proper to say that he is the most skillful master of the sign language and can convey ideas to the mind of the most unintelligent person.

On Sunday morning, the 18th, when the people awoke from a pleasant night's rest, they were surprised to see the ground covered with a foot of beautiful snow, and hear the jingling of sleigh bells. Fortunately it was not on a business day, for it would have rendered traffic slow, as the horse railway required fully three hours in making proper clearance for its cars.

We are informed that two deaf-mutes hailing from the metropolis, and known as Frank Horle and John Rapp, were seen peddling boxes of blacking, and various minor articles, along our thoroughfares. They came across a deaf-mute gentleman, and requested him to give some money, which he was obliged to do in order to prevent an attack or assault.

Messrs. Sharkey, Mull, and Sparrow, will be out of work during the holidays, owing to the annual shut down of their shoe factory, for general repairs to building and machinery.

H. Held intends to spend the Christmas holidays out of town, we presume, as it is usually his custom to spend it in New York City.

Maggie Flynn has the honor of being the fastest stitcher on linen collars in a large manufacturing house in this city, where there are employed nearly three hundred girls. It was rumored that she had been offered the position of forelady, but she declined to accept it. At present she is laid off.

Miss Maria Croak, of Troy, was in town last week, a guest of her classmate.

R. C. Sherwood has at last received a heavy order for cigars and he is now satisfied, but we presume he will not boast too much, as heretofore.

M. R. Palmer has been very busy working nights in his printing office, and has not had time to see many of the members of our society.

Weed, Parsons & Co., the large publishing house wherein are employed some of our residents, have again lost another handsome contract for publishing the session laws, consequently the gentler sex are made more blue on account of the dreadful words, "laid off."

A Merry Christmas to all readers of this paper, is what we extend with this letter, may each be pleased with whatever they receive from those who think of them.

Hope the New Yorkers who attend the Christmas tree party Christmas eve, will receive a present suitable for their use. More anon.

ALBANIAN.

12-18-'87.

### St. Ann's Church, New York.

Next Sunday, being Christmas, the Holy Communion will be celebrated at the service for Deaf-Mutes, 2:45 p.m.

## ILLINOIS.

### Gallaudet Celebration.

### "CLIO."

### "Young America."

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet was celebrated by the pupils of the first and second classes in the chapel-hall in the evening. The pupils assembled in the chapel at seven o'clock, besides several of the teachers. The meeting was presided over by Charles Seaton. Mr. George opened the exercises with prayer. After remarks were made by Mr. Seaton as to the object of the meeting, Miss Grace Rhodes related how the deaf people were looked upon and treated, before any means was devised for teaching them. Willie Tilton delivered a biographical sketch of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and Gus. Hyman, that of Alice Cogswell. Miss Lulu Herdman mentioned the difficulties Rev. Gallaudet sustained in attempting to obtain knowledge of the sign-language and its methods in England and France. A sketch of the life of Clerc was given by Charles Allard. Miss Emma Mitchell gave an account of the origin and progress of the American Asylum in Hartford. "Death of Gallaudet" was recited by Misses Neilson, Rhodes, Mitchell and Camenish. Miss Mary Armstrong recited "The Gallaudet Monument." Miss Gaiser described the model of the Gallaudet Statue as just accepted by the committee appointed for that purpose.

These pupils should be congratulated upon their successful efforts, in view of the fact that was all done by themselves without any assistance whatever from their instructors. None could be prouder of these pupils than Dr. Gillett himself; none could please him more than these successful exercises by the pupils whom he had but most recently seemed to him, received into school as little children. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet himself might not be able to say so much. These sentiments were expressed by Dr. Gillett in his response to a call by the pupils among the audience for some remarks. Other remarks were made by Messrs. Read, George, Hammond and Hasenstab. Thus was the celebration accomplished here. While there, Mr. George reported that he had received to date \$920.10. It is with much pleasure and still more with pride to state that the money had been collected from voluntary subscriptions only, with the exception of about eighteen cents, which was the proceeds of the "Penalty Fund" by a class in articulation.

"Clio" is the name of the ladies' literary club. The club celebrated its first anniversary last evening. In response to an invitation, a large number of guests put in an appearance at seven o'clock. Among them were Dr. Jones, Dr. Kellogg, and Dr. Milligan, members of the "Union" Literary Club, and Mrs. Dr. Jones, Mrs. Dr. Kellogg and Mrs. Dr. Milligan, of the "Sociosis." Dr. Gillett and a large number of teachers and officers and friends were present.

Mrs. Woods, president of the club, opened the meeting with an address, in which she mentioned the origin and progress of the club. The name Clio came from one of the nine Muses, representing learning.

Miss Luttrell reported the work of the club during the year past, beginning October 26th of last year. As man, after much and long work, finds gold and silver in a mountain, so they have now been gathering much from our large library, that had seemed void of interest to them, and will be constantly working into every labyrinth of the library.

Mrs. Read made a lengthy narration of the efforts of Columbus in securing aid in his plan of sailing across the ocean, the other side of which was then unknown to civilization.

Miss Patten recited Holmes' poem, "The Pilgrim's Vision."

Miss Peek recited "The Song of Emigration."

Miss Braun played the first verse and chorus of "Hail, Columbia!" on the piano, after which the poem was recited by Misses Luttrell, Eden and Gunn, all at the same time.

"December," an anonymous poem, was declaimed by Mrs. Waddell.

Nothing but just praise can be heaped upon the club for their brilliant entertainment. That meeting will be a thing to be called up very fondly in the future. Success has crowned their efforts in so celebrating the first anniversary of the club.

Dr. Jones, the oldest member and also the organizer of the "Union" Literary Club, made the closing remarks very acceptable to those present, laying much stress on the value of literary clubs, when properly conducted, and also showing that women could do much toward the noble purpose intended by such clubs, and finally congratulating the young ladies upon their successful work, but at the same time calling us to mind that things, however small they may be now, will be productive of good results in the more or less near future, that can not be otherwise obtained.

Two games of rhyming charades were next participated in by those of the guests remaining, after the programme was carried out. The first game was closed at the twenty-sixth attempt, *quees*; to rhyme with the given word "*more*." The other had

for its given word, "*day*," and was up at the fourth, "*fray*," it having been given by the other party.

After this, all the guest retired, well pleased with the meetings.

Twenty-five of the boys of Cul-lom Hall have formed themselves into a literary society, assisted by Mr. Cloud. The plan is to study the American History, and at meetings to deliver essays and declamations and to take part in debates and dialogues, somewhat similar to the literary order used by the "Lit" at Kendall Green—the only difference is in the selection of subjects, these subjects should all be from the American history. Hence, the society is named "Young America." Its officers are: James H. Cloud, President; Charles Seaton, Vice-President; Charles Allard, Secretary; Thos. Rogers, Treasurer; P. J. Hastenstab, Critic; and they are to hold their respective offices till March. The first meeting will be held this evening—in the Lyceum. They are to meet fortnightly on Saturday evenings.

Since the last letter was mailed, Mr. George lectured on "Warfare against Society," by President Barnard, of Princeton, and Mr. Waddell, of "Alaska," before the "Skylarks" club.

Friday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy gave a quilting and tea party to the deaf teachers. The ladies put in an appearance at three o'clock and kept themselves busy making a quilt, and had it finished just in time when the gentlemen dropped in—at six o'clock. Tea was next served, after which rhyming games were participated in with much enjoyment. This kind of game is quite a favorite here. The host and hostess did all that made it an enjoyable affair, and the guests left with a pleasant impression of the gathering.

It may seem out of date to state how we spent our Thanksgiving day here. As usual, we met in the chapel for the services; Mr. Cloud conducted them. Ample justice was done to the turkey dinner. One thing that the boys missed most, was a hare-and-hounds chase, we having had rains during the two days before, thus rendering it any thing but pleasant and promising for the chase. In the evening, we assembled in the dining-room. Mr. Cloud led the Indian club drill, with thirty-six boys in it. Several club-races were taken in next, by four boys, four girls, four little boys, four little girls, Dr. Gillett and three male teachers, four young lady teachers, successively, producing much laughter among the audience. Social games were next and lastly had.

Rev. Mr. Mann was here last week, and conducted a service in Trinity Church, Wednesday evening.

Mr. John M. Stout, after spending a few days here, left for the East, Wednesday morning. In the evening of the preceding Sunday, he was baptized at Grace M. E. Church, Dr. Gillett interpreting for him.

A call has been made for a meeting of the Wait Memorial Committee here Friday evening.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Dec. 17, 1887.

### ST. LOUIS.

### Merry Christmas.

Fair weather—just like Fall.

The first snow of the season came on the 27th of last month.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, and everybody feels thankful.

Rev. Mann preached at Christ Church, on the 9th ult. Owing to the bad weather, there was a small gathering of the mutes.

John Mills, of Modesto, Ill., was in the city for a few days. He returned home with a second hand bicycle that he bought for his young brother.

Ed. Kelling, formerly of Chicago, is in the city, looking for a job as a printer. He says if he can get a good job, he will stay here. Hope so.

David Bennett came to St. Louis from Michigan. He is a harness maker, and is expecting to go to work in this city, very soon.

William Stocksiek's scotch terrier dog has been shot dead by a policeman, at the request of a neighbor, for biting one of the children.

Delos A. Simpson lectured to a large congregation of the mutes at the Young Men's Christian Association Parlor, on the 5th ult. The subject was "The Last Days of Pompeii." Delos handled the subject in a fine style. The lecture was intensely interesting.

W. T. Campbell returned home from his hunting and fishing trip to Clarksville, Mo. He is reported as having had a great time out there, and fourteen ducks and 164 fishes were accounted for.

Miss Annie Roper will go home to Alton, Ill., during the holiday week. Miss Virginia Cowden is expecting to go visiting in Rock Island, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Dougherty are happily settled down in a handsome cottage in South St. Louis. They are now ready to receive and entertain their friends at their residence, 7119 Virginia Avenue. They gave a splendid Thanksgiving dinner, which Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss and J. J. Smith were invited to attend. They enjoyed themselves hugely.

Leo. Froning goes around with a sad look in his face. Ask him what is up? He will tell you that his best gal has gone to school. See?

Louis Jacoby, the watch dog of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club's Treasury, has not taken a pleasant trip to Canada.

Sammy Perlmutter loomed up in all his immensity since, his election as a sergeant-at-arms of the club, but has not had a job bouncing any one of the members yet. He has my sympathy.

John Breen, czar of the tramps, in company with William Towers, are

doing up the town. They are both great rolling stones. They are looking as seedy as ever mortals were.

Miss Emma Wolfert did not go to the Fulton school as expected. Sickness in her family prevented her from going. She is now stopping with her married sister on Hickory Street.

Thomas J. Brown, the Jumbo of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, is gone on a visiting his relatives and old friends in Springfield, Mo., and will be away for a week or two.

A small selected party was tendered to Miss Gusta Pastow in honor of her birthday, at Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Brown's residence, on the 4th ult. Lots of fun was had.

Angustus Dieckman is taking of going home to spend the holidays in Warrenton, Mo. Johnny L. Campbell will probably go with him for the purpose of hunting game.

Martin Hammarle, who is working in one of the largest shoe factories in this city, is anxiously to go home to spend Christmas week. He is the happy possessor of a fine gold watch. Such is his industry and sobriety.

The *Merry World* comes regularly to me, and I take the pleasure to say to Mr. M. J. Smith is the right man in a right place. The *Merry World* is full of wit and news, and is ably edited by Mr. Smith.

The other morning, Francis Enbanks got scared out of his wits. He got up earlier than usual one morning. On filling his wash-bowl to take a goon bath, he found, as he said, a snake in the water. He was on the point of throwing out the water, but ere he reached the door, the bowl slipped out of his hands and went down on the floor and nearly let out enough water to drown his room-mate, Louis Jacoby, but fortunately he had a pair of legs long enough to keep his head above the water.

The Brownell & Wright Car Co. Mutual Aid Society gave a ball last night at the Social Turn Hall. Messrs. Guss and Froning belong to this society. Several mutes attended the ball, and had a good jolly time.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mutes Club has moved from the Y. M. C. A. building to 919 Olive St., Room 12, third floor. The club room is now tastefully fitted up. Handsome curtains were put up, and one dozen of new chairs were added to the room. The club would like to engage that young colored mute, John Crockett, as a janitor. Hope that he won't look like a thundering cloud amidst our peaceful gathering.

One of the most brilliant events of the season was the surprise wooden wedding party, given to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss, which came off on Saturday, November 19th, at Benton Hall. Nearly twenty-five couples of mutes and friends went there to attend. It was so great a secret that Mr. and Mrs. Guss were taken in completely surprised. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Guss entered the hall, on supposition of attending a certain party given to a friend, they were taken in arms by some guests, and escorted to the spreading table loaded with many handsome and useful wooden presents.

Mr. Stafford made a speech, and Mr. Guss, though completely embarrassed, managed to make a response in an appreciative style. And Mr. Guss declared that it was the biggest surprise ever given to him and his wife since their marriage. After exchanging many congratulations and shaking hands among themselves, the party went on playing many innocent games until ten o'clock. Then they adjourned to a spreading table, where they partook of a splendid supper. After this, they returned to indulge in games and amusements until wee sma' hours, when they dispersed for home. All of those, who were present at the party, declared that it was one of the grandest events they ever attended. It is hardly necessary for me to write the presents, but they are all very handsome and useful. Great credit is due to Mr. Leo Froning for his able management of the surprise wooden wedding party.

Mr. G. T. Dougherty will give a lecture, at the club rooms, for the benefit of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, next Wednesday, December 21st. All are cordially invited to attend.

The club will have a grand raffle for a Christmas turkey, next Saturday, December 24th. Who will be the lucky winner? I.

The following item is taken from the *Post Dispatch* of St. Louis:

THE DEAF-MUTES' CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mutes' Club held a special meeting, last night, in its club room, at No. 919 Olive Street, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Thos. H. Gallaudet, the founder of the deaf-mutes' language. The room of the club was tastefully decorated for the occasion and the attendance was large. The club was organized in 1882, and since then has grown quite large, comparing favorably in size with clubs of similar nature throughout the cities of the East. Its President is Mr. William Stafford; its Vice-President, Mr. Marcus Kerr; its Secretary, Mr. John J. Smith; and its Treasurer, Mr. Louis Jacoby. A number of new members will be admitted shortly. The club room is snugly and artistically fitted up. Adorning the walls are pictures of the clubs of deaf-mutes in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and other cities. The members amused themselves last night by playing table games of all sorts, such as cards, dominoes, checkers, etc., and worked out mathematical questions on the blackboard, which is always in the room.

When the members of the club had grown tired of this sort of amusement they adjourned to a club room, restaurant, where they partook of a splendid supper. The committee having in charge the evening's entertainment consisted of Messrs. W. E. Guss, A. N. Merrell and Louis Jacoby.

Nothing of importance to write at present, so I must close this wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

PATSEY BOLIVAR.

St. Louis, Dec. 18, '87.

### Fell Dead.

Andrew B. Carlin, of Camden, N. J., a brother of John Carlin, the New York artist, fell dead in the ferry-house at the Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, December 17th, of heart disease. He was 37 years of age, and was a well known mechanical genius. He was a deaf-mute.

## COLUMBUS.

### Holiday Visits.

### A NOTABLE SOCIETY.

### Numerous Notes.

The near approach of the holidays always brings a good many mutes into town from the surrounding country. Among those we noticed this week were Miss Flora Vogel and Miss Drais, Mr. Kurzhatz and Mr. Jacob Hibbler. The latter contemplates taking unto himself a wife in the near future. Mr. Alonzo Kingrey was captured at the "Busy Bee," just as he was coming out with that pleased and satisfied expression, which betokens a full stomach at peace with all the world. He came in to pay his taxes. He says he has twenty-five fat turkeys, which he will slaughter this week and dispose of for hot cash. His brother, Simon Kingrey, will go to Findlay this week, to pay Dan. Bard a visit. Joe Leib, of the city, has already gone there to take a look at the gas wells, for which that burgh is famous. He will be joined by his wife and child at Kenton this week, where they go to spend the holidays with Mrs. Leib's parents. Findlay had a great "boom" last Spring and Summer. While it lasted, fortunes in real estate were made in a day, but, like most "booms," Findlay's "boom" has collapsed, leaving those who came last to hold the bag and mourn.

After several years of the trials and tribulations of a "sub," Johnny Leib has been rewarded for his patience and perseverance by securing a "case" at the office of the *Daily Times* in this city. He is now a "regular," and correspondingly happy.

Mr. W. H. H. Grigsby no longer resides on Ninth Street. He has moved to Oak Street, third house, west of the Institution engine house. It was the quickest move on record. At noon, last Thursday, he summoned about forty of the boys, to his house, each of whom picked up several pieces of furniture or a household god and moved off with his load, and in fifteen minutes the old rooms were empty, and everything, including the wife and the baby, was safely deposited in its new quarters.

The Christmas committee is making elaborate preparations to celebrate that event. As it falls on Sunday, Monday has been set apart for its observance. A play, entitled "The adventures of Santa Claus," will be given on the stage. The play contains eight scenes and ends with a Christmas tree, laden with presents for the pupils. As the stage has not been used for two or three years, considerable dusting and oiling will be necessary to get it into proper condition for the occasion.

The "Round Table" Society seems to be putting on considerable style. It held its last meeting last Thursday. From the *Daily Times*, which contains quite an extended notice of the meeting, I learn that "the officers for the ensuing year took the oath of office, and the new President, Miss Kinney, delivered an appropriate and imposing inaugural address," and that "Mr. A. W. Downing read an essay on 'An Inferential View of the Future,' which was very interesting and instructive." The next essay will probably be on "The whiteness of the Why," and may I be there to see! Professor H. C. Hare, of Alexandria, has been invited to give the society an entertainment in elocution at some future meeting.

Miss Lena Williams, girls' nurse, has been very ill for the past two weeks with a very sore hand, the cause



